

Barbara Fritchie.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn.
Clear in the cool September morn.
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

The Lord's Prayer.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian which we do not recollect to have seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius, strong drink.

A Sermon to Tennessee Loyalists.

EDMUND KIRKE IN THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

Walking slowly back through the open fields, I came upon the white tents of a regiment of infantry. A few sentinels were pacing to and fro among them, but they were otherwise deserted.

Booth expressed his ready willingness to afford this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance.

"I am tired and disgusted," he said, "with this endless talk about the everlasting negro. I doubt not he is a man, with very much such blood, and bones, and brains, and soul as we have."

"Sir," said he, in a broken accent, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from boyhood to the present time, thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I have never heard it before, never!"

"And those of you who worship the ebony idol, who in pity for the wrongs of the black forget that our own race has deeper wrongs and greater woes than his, let me tell you what is worthy of your worship—what all good and true men, in all times have worshiped—what they have fought, and suffered, and died for, with songs on their lips and joy in their hearts—"

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present,) that conversation was continued but a short time longer in monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts.—Chicago Tribune.

"What I would have you worship is Freedom—while Freedom—FREEDOM FOR ALL. Poets have sung of it as a beautiful maiden, glowing as the dawn, radiant as the stars, smiling as the sun when he first looked on the earth."

THE BELOVED WIFE.—Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected, in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure.

AMERICAN COURTESY TO WOMEN.—An accomplished female writer in Great Britain said, in a recent article in Fraser's Magazine: "If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulties of travel, or show me a kindness with that consideration for a woman as a woman, which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people."

A SOCIABLE GOVERNOR.—Gov. Powell, of Kentucky, was never an orator, but his conversational, story telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering.

A citizen of Henderson coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger who made inquiries about Powell. "He lives in your place, I believe, don't he?"

"Yes, one of our oldest citizens."
"Very sociable man, ain't he?"
"Remarkably so."
"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable. I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and spit all over me—remarkably sociable."

A GALLANT MICHIGANDER.—The gallant bearing of Sergeant Samuel Pollock, of the 6th Michigan, was represented to Gen. Emory by a participant in the struggle. The general sent for the worthy non-commissioned officer, and interrogated him freely. He ascertained that the sergeant had been detailed as superintendent of a Government plantation, and that fearing a guerillas raid, he had instructed his field hands in the use of the musket for several days previous to the battle. When the action took place the plantation negroes were martialled under his charge, and stimulated to daring deeds. One rebel Major was killed and one wounded by the negroes. Sergeant Pollock is given the credit of having dispatched the rebel Col. Joe. Phillips, the commanding officer of the enemy, and having obtained his sword. Gen. Emory observed to the sergeant that he could not remain detailed upon a plantation; that such men were needed in the field. He gave him permission to retain the captured sword, and ordered him to report to Gen. Shepley, who gave him a position as Major.—New Orleans Era.

Would we be men if we said less? "What one of you will consent that this war shall end till the white man, as well as the black, is Free?"

And then the chaplain dismounted on the condition of the poor white man, and on the system and the men that have made him what he is; and for another half hour I listened to as odd a medley of slang and poetry, highfaluten and quaint eloquence, as ever fell from preacher's lips.

Next to laughing, whistling is one of the most philosophical things which a fellow in good spirits can indulge in. Whistling is a popular prescription for "keeping up the courage"—it might better be said good spirits. Some genial philosopher has well said on this subject: "whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indignation. Mean or avaricious men never whistle. The man who attacks whistling throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to."

WHO FIRED AT THE NEGRO'S DEAD BODY?—It seems that a day or two after one of the rebel raids near Washington, a regiment of infantry, with a battery of light artillery, was sent out to hunt up the raiders; as they advanced they espied what they took to be a company of rebel infantry throwing up entrenchments near a wood about a half a mile on, across a valley that intervened. No sooner were espied than the pieces were unlimbered, and a round of canister given, which, striking in their midst and wounding several, sent the rest at double-quick to the rear and out of sight. On advancing to the supposed breastworks it was found that it was after all, the funeral of a poor contraband, whom his sable brethren were committing to his last home, and that the shot had not only knocked over the corpse, but wounded several of the mourners. The soldiers had to complete the services.

Get not your friends by love compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve our friends. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their happiness; obliged with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own.

It is estimated that the rebels lose their slaves at the rate of one hundred a day. Here is a prospective calculation:

Table with 3 columns: Term, Number, Value.
One day: 100, \$100,000
One Year: 36,500, \$3,650,000
Five years: 1,825,000, \$182,500,000
Ten years: 3,650,000, \$365,000,000

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